

PORTSMOUTH MAN
Chosen Officer Of Insti-
tute Of Instruction
HONOR CONFERRED UPON
ERNEST L. SILVER
Elected One Of The New Hampshire
State Presidents
OTHER IS HENRY C. MORRISON, FORMERLY
OF THIS CITY

received from Jamestown, Va., and Buffalo, N. Y., while there was much sentiment in favor of Boston. Walter E. Ranger, commissioner of public schools, Providence, R. I., was reelected president.

The closing speakers were William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, Washington, and Nathan C. Schaeffer, president of the National Educational Association of Harrisburg. Today many of the visiting teachers joined in excursions to points of interest in the state.

At the close of the session the following officers were announced: President, Walter E. Ranger, Providence, R. I.; vice president, F. H. Beede, New Haven, Conn.; secretary, William C. Crawford, Boston; treasurer, Alvin S. Pease, Malden, Mass. Among the state vice presidents are: Massachusetts, William A. Mowry of Hyde Park, Clarence Brodeur of Westfield, J. G. Edgerly of Fitchburg; New Hampshire, Charles W. Bickford of Manchester, Henry C. Morrison of Concord, E. L. Silver of Portsmouth.

Counsellors—Charles D. Hind, Hartford, Conn.; W. B. Jacobs, Providence; George I. Aldrich, Brookline, Mass.; C. H. Merrill, Randolph Center, Vt.; Charles H. Chapin, Providence; E. R. Woodbury, Saco, Me.; James E. Klock, Plymouth, N. H.; Sarah Dyer Barnes, Providence; Elton A. Carlisle, Boston; Alice P. Reynolds, Concord, N. H.; Kate E. Terrill,

Montpelier, Vt.; Elizabeth Cairns, Hartford; Elizabeth Sheppard, Nashua, N. H., and D. E. Hoyt, Providence.

REGIMENTAL TEAMS
To Be Selected From the State National Guard

The following general orders have been issued to the New Hampshire National Guard:

Regimental commanders will select and organize teams from their respective commands to represent the state at the second annual tournament of the New England Military Rifle Association at Wakefield, Mass., July 23 to 28, inclusive, and will at once notify Maj. Arthur F. Cummings, I. R. P. First brigade, N. H. N. G., of the composition of the teams, giving full names and rank.

Maj. Arthur F. Cummings, I. R. P., will select a state team to compete at the tournament and will make the requisite arrangements for transportation and subsistence of the teams, and at the close of the competition will forward certified payrolls for the state and regimental teams and will make a report of the duty performed.

Buffalo Bill will bring his great Wild West show back from Europe for next season and it may be seen in this city.

KITTERY LETTER
Newsy Items From Across
The River
NEW OFFICERS OF NAVAL
LODGE OF MASONS
Various Personal And Social Para-
graphs Of Interest
GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR
CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, July 13

The following officers were elected at the last meeting of Naval Lodge of Masons:

Worshipful Master, G. W. Collins;

Senior Warden, F. E. Robbins;

Junior Warden, J. E. Hatch;

Secretary, L. L. Goodrich;

Treasurer, W. W. Locke.

on Thursday afternoon and attracted much attention.

These yachts are the Halene, fifty-seven inches in length, built by Frank Getchell and owned by Cecil L. Seaward; the Plover, fifty-six inches, built by G. S. Wasson and owned by Lewis Wasson, and the Helen, fifty-two inches, built by John Fagan and owned by Louis E. Fagan of Germantown, Pa., who passes his Summers here.

The little craft are fitted up in the best possible manner, with finely made sails and rigging, blocks and other equipment and are much admired.

Millie, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Keen died on Thursday morning of whooping cough, aged two months. The disease has taken a very malignant turn here and a number of other children are in a critical condition.

When a certain ocean tug called in the lower harbor for a barge on Thursday evening, she found that the barge's crew were enjoying the circus in Portsmouth and so was obliged to wait two hours, until they found it convenient to return. It is safe to say that the guilty crew got a warm reception upon their arrival.

Miss Susie Thompson and Miss Maud Carr of Portsmouth and Miss the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Clarkson.

Mrs. Fred Libby of Roxbury, Mass., is in town, called by the illness of her little sister, Doris.

Hon. Horace Mitchell and his daughter, Miss Ethel M. Mitchell, are in Alfred today to attend the funeral of Mr. Mitchell's aunt, Mrs. Marcia Sayward.

James F. Walsh of San Francisco is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Hutchins.

Miss Annie M. Foye and Miss Ada Foye have returned from a visit to Haverhill, Mass.

George Dewey, Jr., of Chicago is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Decatur.

When Capt. Charles Williams returned from Newport on Thursday in his sloop Olympia, he found his mooring in Pepperrell's Cove missing. It is more than likely that it was accidentally picked up and carried off by the old steamer Duncan when she was beached there last week.

Two guests at the Parkfield Hotel, Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin of New York and Dr. D. P. Penhallow of Boston, have added their yachts to the fleet in Pepperrell's Cove.

MODEL YACHT RACING
Seems To Be Regaining Pop-
ular Favor As A Sport
LARGE CRAFT OF THIS CLASS AT
KITTERY POINT

Many people are glad to see that the sport of model yacht racing is being revived.

In England, so much interest is taken in the sport that a magazine devotes much of its space to it, while model yacht clubs and regattas are very common.

Kittery Point has been reawakened in interest by three enormous yachts owned by young men of that place and it is to be hoped that others will bring down their craft from garrets, where there are undoubtedly many stowed away, and place them in active service again. Many exciting contests could be had by arranging regattas.

The Kittery Point yachts are almost large enough to board and, indeed, they will easily support a man or two a skiff containing a person. From the main peak of the largest yacht, the Plover, to the water, is about eight feet, while she spreads enough sail to propel a rowboat. There is much labor in their construction, as the yachts in question are fitted out exactly like large yachts, with pulleys, halliards, deck fittings, anchors and many other points of equipment.

The Plover has twenty-eight pounds of lead on her keel and in a stiff breeze will get completely away from a rowboat.

The Helen and Halene, the others of the trio, are as large in some ways, and equally good sailers, but the Plover is more of a heavy weather boat.

The lengths of the craft are as follows: Halene, fifty-seven inches; Plover, fifty-six inches; Helen, fifty-two inches. Model yachts over these lengths are very rare.

AT THE NAVY YARD
Chaplain Frank Thompson has re-
turned from a visit to New York.

The board of examiners for the position of master shipfitter has appointed Monday, July 23, as the day of examination for the sixteen applicants for the position.

Excavating for dry dock No. 4 at the Brooklyn navy yard has been suspended as a result of the shifting of the big sheet piles placed to retain the slides of the dock, caused by the action of a bed of quicksand. Much difficulty is being experienced in the work on the dock because of the quicksand foundation. Ground surrounding the excavation has sunk six and eight feet and it has been necessary to move boilers and machinery. Although extra heavy supports have been set up to support the slides of the excavation, it is almost impossible to hold the piling in position, as a result of the constant shifting of the foundation. Costing nearly \$1,000,000, the dock is to be the largest in this country. It is to be built of cement. Transfer this work to Portsmouth navy yard, where there is no quicksand and the best place in the country for such a dock can be found.

There is certainly one piece of government property that badly needs the attention of the department and that is the old ferry landing at the foot of Daniel street, Portsmouth. The rooms of the ferry building have not been touched for years, as far as repairs are concerned, and drinking water has been shut off for a long time. Toilet rooms are needed and the touch of a painter's brush would do no harm. Capt. Rees, who certainly favors improvements and has a sharp eye for the needs of the station, is understood to have recently inspected the waiting rooms and storerooms. He will look into the changes needed at this place.

Two prisoners came from New York today (Friday) for the Southern.

A shift was made today (Friday in

the berths of the Eagle, Topeka and Casine.

Dennis Lynch has been called for duty in the boiler shop.

The force of the yard tug Nezinascof is doing night duty on the U. S. S. Castine on which repair work is being tested.

Repairs have been authorized on the U. S. S. Eagle for the construction and repair department and the work will probably be commenced tomorrow (Saturday).

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH
Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor July 12

Arrived

Tug Plymouth, Hansen, Boston.

Sailed

Tug Sweepstakes, Merrill, Boston, towing barge Number Six, for Baltimore.

Tug Plymouth, Hansen, towing barge C. R. R. of N. J., No. 11, for Port Johnson.

Wind southerly, light.

Notes

Barge Liberty, which has been at anchor in the lower harbor, was chartered on Thursday to load ice at Portland for New York, and left for there during the night in tow.

Tug Sweepstakes, which has been tied up at Jones wharf for the past few days making repairs to her boiler and waiting for the barge Annie M. Ash, secured the job of towing the Consolidation barge, No. 6, to Boston, as none of that company's tugs were convenient.

The iron workers are making havoc with the old steamer Duncan. Already her bridge deckhouse and boats have been removed and the upper half of her smokestack has either fallen off or been taken down.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Chatham, July 12—Passed, barge Silver Brook, Portsmouth for Philadelphia.

Sampdestown, R. I., July 12—Sailed, schooner Madagascar, Coleman (from Jersey City), Portsmouth; also reported arrived at Vineyard Haven, 11th.

Vineyard Haven, July 12—Passed, barge Blizzard, Portsmouth for Perth Amboy.

RANGE LIGHTS MOVED
At Salisbury Beach at Mouth of
Merrimac River

Notice has been given by the coast geodetic survey, department of commerce and labor, that about June 10, the Salisbury Beach range lights, located on the northern side of the mouth of the Merrimac River, were moved to mark the line of best water for crossing the bar and for entering between the jetties at the mouth of the river.

The front light was moved 812 feet west from its present position, without other change.

The rear light was moved to a position 500 feet northwest, in rear of the intended position of the front light.

(L. H. B. N. to M. No. 94—Chart affected: 108; United States coast pilot, Atlantic coast, Parts I-II, 1903, pages 22, 196).

WITHOUT BUSTLE
Great Barnum and Bailey Circus De-
parted From This City

People at the West End remarked today (Friday) the fine system with which the men of the Barnum and Bailey show loaded the cars Thursday night.

All the wagons and animals were loaded with no more noise than a man would make in loading a single horse.

The voice of a driver speaking to his horses was all that was heard by the residents of that district from the crews which handled the work.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW
(Special To The Herald)

Washington, July 13—Showers are indicated for Saturday, with light to fresh east to southeast winds.

LOST HIS POCKETBOOK
Sergeant Maloney of the Southern lost a billbook at the circus last evening, containing between \$56 and \$58, and a government check for \$43.

Geo. B. French Co

OUR GREATLY ENLARGED AND MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO

CHINA AND GLASS WARE

ENABLES US TO SHOW THE FINEST VARIETY OF THIS CLASS OF GOODS IN PORTSMOUTH.

In the selection of this stock the utmost good taste prevails, and the Novelties and Standard Goods will be found at all times.

SPECIAL SUMMER BARGAIN.

ONE CRATE OF FINE GERMAN CHINA, decorated with Apple Blossoms and Gold, at about ONE-THIRD OFF THE REGULAR PRICE.

CAKE SETS—Consisting of 6 Bread and Butter Plates and 1 Cake Plate, worth \$1.00, for.....75c Per Set

BREAD AND MILK SETS—Plate, Bowl and Cream Pitcher, worth 50c, for.....35c

CHOCOLATE SETS—6 Cups and Saucers and Large Chocolate Pot, worth \$1.25, for.....89c

TEA SETS—With Sugar Bowl, Cream Pitcher and Tea Pot, worth 65c, for.....39c

TEA AND COFFEE CUPS.

CELERY TRAYS—These at only.....10c

JAPANESE CHINA—Special offer of 50 Dozen Assorted Novelties, such as Plates, Cups and Saucers, Trinket Boxes, Trays, Sugars, Creamers, Tooth Brush Holders, Vases, worth from 15c to 25c each, your choice at only.....10c

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN CUT GLASS—One lot of Six Inch Bon Bon Dishes with Handle, deep cut designs, strictly new, worth \$1.75, special price\$1.25

CANDLE STICKS—These are 8 inches high, in six designs, regular selling value \$1.00 each, special price.....50c

MANY SPECIALTIES UNDER PRICE.

SALT AND PEPPERS — These of Glass with Celluloid Tops, proof against rust and will not corrode, worth 10c, for.....5c

PORTSMOUTH SOUVENIRS — In China with Cobalt Blue and Gold, have Historical Views, 25 different styles.....25c

GLASS VASES — Tall, Handsomely Fluted, for Flowers, 12 inch size, only.....10c

NOTICE OUR TEN CENT TABLE

OF CHINA AND GLASS—In variety and big values ahead of anything in the city—Don't miss seeing it—Articles that are worth 15c to 25c each, take your choice.....10c

HAMMOCKS—The largest line in the city—Palmer Hammocks at69c, 98c, \$1.25 to \$5.00

Other Makes, every Hammock of handsome colorings.....98c, \$1.39, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50

HAMMOCK ROPES with Anchor.....25c Per Pair

WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS, beyond question the best—All sizes.

PORCH SHADES—These in varied kinds and sizes at a very low cost.

HAMMOCK CHAIRS—For the little ones—Call for the Vudor, cost.....\$2.50

Visit Our New Basement For The Best Stock Of Kitchen Furnishings.

RENNES VERDICT

In The Dreyfus Case Was Annulled

SUCH THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF YESTERDAY

Verdict Restores Once Condemned Man To Former Rank

THE VICTIM OF DEVIL'S ISLAND IS FINALLY VINDICATED

Paris, July 12.—The supreme court today announced its decision, annulling the condemnation of Dreyfus without a retrial.

The effect of the decision is a complete vindication of Dreyfus, entitling him to restoration to his rank in the army as though he had never been accused.

The decision of the court was read by the presiding judge, M. Baillet-Latour, president of the court of cassation, immediately on the reassembling of the court today.

The Palace of Justice was thronged by an eager crowd. Among those present were Mathew Dreyfus, brother of Captain Dreyfus; Maître Morand, counsel for Captain Dreyfus; Colonel Picquart, Madame Zoia and many others who have figured in the celebrated case. Captain Dreyfus was not present, continuing his habitual secrecy by remaining secluded in the garret where he has hitherto been cut off from the outer world. The scene as the decision was pronounced was one of impressive dignity. The court, consisting of 49 judges, gowned in flowing red robes mounted the bench. Silence prevailed as the presiding judge read the long decision, reviewing the series of sensational events of the last twelve years, and completely discrediting Dreyfus of all wrongdoing, freeing him of the accusation of being the author of the famous incriminating documents on which the entire charge was founded and ordered the annulment of the judgment of the Rennes court martial, with the publication of the final announcement of his innocence in fifty newspapers to be closed by Captain Dreyfus.

The reading of the decision lasted an hour and it was only at the close that the spectators realized the sweeping nature of the vindication. As the final determination was announced there was a buzz of excited comment and some exclamations of approval, which the court officers sternly repressed. Mathew Dreyfus hastily dispatched a messenger to learn the good news to Captain Dreyfus and Mme. Dreyfus. Outside the court the crowds received the decision without making any demonstration.

The main features of the decision are as follows:

The court holds that three new facts have been established:

First—That the document from General Mercier's secret papers presented at Rennes court martial, in which the initial "D" was substituted for "F," was a falsification establishing the strong presumption of Dreyfus' innocence.

Second—That another document from the secret papers in which Dreyfus was alleged to have been shown to have delivered to the Germans the plans for the railway mobilization never reached the war department authorities and, therefore, Dreyfus could not have secured possession of it.

Third—That the Rennes court martial failed to hear essential testimony calculated to establish the fact that Dreyfus was innocent.

"These facts," the decision of the court says, "without seeking for any further grounds, are of a nature to establish the innocence of the accused and it is only necessary to examine whether the verdict of the Rennes court martial shall be annulled without a retrial, or be followed by another trial by court martial."

After a review of the document in the case known as the "bordereau," the decision says it was written by Major Esterhazy, and that the accusations connecting Dreyfus with it rest only on conjecture.

"The accusation against Dreyfus," continues the decision, "whether based on the handwriting or text of the 'bordereau,' was completely unjustified and without motive. Moreover, Dreyfus having a large fortune, one seeks in vain for any reason for his committing such a great crime.

"The court, therefore, holds that,

as all the accusations against the accused fall to the ground, there is no necessity for a new trial, and consequently, the judgment on condemnation is annulled as unwarranted by the evidence."

In conclusion, the court noted Dreyfus' waiving of pecuniary indemnity, and ordered its decision to be transcribed on the records of the Rennes court martial, and to be inserted in the Official Journal and also in five newspapers to be designated by the procurator general and, at the cost of the government, in fifty papers of Paris and the provinces, to be designated by Dreyfus.

It is expected that Captain Dreyfus will take the grade of lieutenant colonel of artillery, which he would have reached if his army service had not been interrupted. The cabinet will meet tonight to determine on the course to follow in view of the decision of the supreme court. It has already been determined, however, that besides the restoration of Dreyfus to the army, a special bill will be presented to parliament authorizing the minister of war to restore Colonel Picquart, whose sense of justice brought about the quashing of the verdict of the Rennes court martial, to the army, from which he was degraded, owing to the charges which he brought against the late Colonel Henry.

EIGHT PERSONS KILLED

Brakes On Motor Omnibus Failed At Critical Moment

London, July 12.—Owing to the brakes failing to set, a motor omnibus running from London to Brighton dashed down a steep hill near Crawley this morning and was overturned. Six of the passengers were killed and a score were badly hurt, some of them probably sustaining fatal injuries.

Later details show that eight persons were killed. There were 34 passengers on the omnibus, mainly merchants of Orpington (ten miles from London) and they were all either killed or injured. The omnibus dashed down the hill at a terrific speed and hit a tree. The occupants of the vehicle were piled in all directions. Several of the killed were so terribly mangled that it was difficult to identify them.

KAISER'S ARROGANCE

A misunderstanding has arisen between Emperor William of Germany and the Reichstag, and if the former remains obdurate there is a chance of rupture. The trouble is due to the legislative body refusing to pass a bill for the building of a railroad in German East Africa, whereupon the Kaiser decided to construct one regardless of the will of the people's representatives, taking the cost of the same out of the colonial appropriation of \$20,000,000 for putting down the rebellion in that quarter says the Portland Advertiser. The court advisers are trying to dissuade him from this course, which would be illegal and unconstitutional, but he remains firm—obstinate, rather—and a clash seems imminent. Grave consequences might follow should he hold to his determination to override the Reichstag, in which there is a large body of Socialists, whose number would be double what it is if the party had not been discriminated against in the matter of representation. Its strength in the country is very great, and Germans, it is slow to adopt anything like revolutionary methods, might be aroused to action by a deliberate violation of the constitution at the caprice of a ruler whose sanity has almost seemed in question at times.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE AT YORK

Thomas Nelson Page, the novelist, arrived at his summer residence at York Harbor last week where his family had preceded him. Mr. Page has suffered some from illness since his arrival in this country from his winter trip abroad and was unable to reach York Harbor any sooner. He is now much better and believes that York air will soon restore him to health. Mr. Page has already resumed his golf play at the country club, of which he is very fond, and hopes soon to be in trim to do the course.—Old York Transcript.

MR. PHILBRICK RECEIVES APPOINTMENT

Manning H. Philbrick of this city who recently took the prescribed examination for assistant paymaster in the navy, was one of the thirteen appointed by Secretary Bonaparte on Wednesday. Mr. Philbrick will rank as a commissioned officer.

COULD BE USED WITH GOOD EFFECT

There are certainly three things on which the hook could be used with good effect in this city, viz. barking dogs, brown-tail moths, and dynamite firecrackers.

CARRIE NATION ARRESTED

Warrant Charges Her With Misusing The Mails

Dallas, Tex., July 12.—Mrs. Carrie Nation was arrested at Melbourne yesterday by a deputy United States marshal on a warrant charging her with having misused the mails. She was brought to Dallas and after appearing before United States Commissioner A. J. May, was released on bond in the sum of \$2,500. The trial is set for July 31.

The warrant comes from Guthrie, Okla., and specifies that she deposited in the postoffice a publication containing an improper article headed, "A Private Talk to Boys."

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Waterville, Me., July 12.—The third postoffice burglary within five days and inside a radius of twenty miles of this city took place early today at Readfield Corner. In each case the amounts taken were insignificant, and no attempt was made to blow the safes. The other offices entered were those at Burnham and China. Postoffice Inspector W. B. Johnson of Portland, who has been investigating for several days, stopped at Readfield last night and took up the case at once after the break was discovered. The burglars are supposed to be tramps and not professionals.

Washington, July 12.—Secretary Bonaparte today awarded the contracts for the building of the two 16,000-ton battleships South Carolina and Michigan, one to the Cramps of Philadelphia and the other to the New York Ship and Engine Company of Camden, N. J.

Block Island, R. I., July 12.—A fire during the early morning hours today, which destroyed the dredge Columbia, imperiled the lives of eleven men who were asleep on board, and burned three men, one so badly that he was sent to the Newport hospital for treatment.

London, July 12.—William J. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan today were the guests of Ambassador and Mrs. Reid at luncheon at Dorchester House.

St. Petersburg, July 12.—Although today is a holiday, the lower house of parliament met as usual and resumed the debate on the Bialystok affair.

Newport, Eng., July 12.—In the Welsh ladies' championship tennis games today Miss May Sutton, of California, beat Mrs. Raikes, by a score of 6 to 1. Mrs. Raikes retired after the first set.

Boston, July 12.—For the second time within a month, the fishing schooner Buena, Captain Horner Nickerson, arrived at T wharf today with her flag at half mast, reporting the loss of four of her dorymen who were off on Clarks fishing banks, seventy-five miles southeast of Highland Light, on Monday. The missing men are Anthony and Harold Nickerson, brothers of the captain; Jeremiah Clements and William Pierce, all of Boston. They were in single dories. Captain Nickerson has expectations that his men have been picked up by other schooners which were on the grounds at the time.

New York, July 12.—Abraham H. Hummel was suspended from further practice at law pending the appeal against his conviction on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the Dodge-Morse case, by a decision handed down by the appellate division of the supreme court today.

Jamestown, N. Y., July 12.—The federal grand jury of the western division of New York began today to investigate the charge made against the Pennsylvania Railroad company, and the Standard Oil Company of violations of the rebate clause of the interstate commerce laws.

Sevastopol, July 12.—Vice Admiral Choutin commander of the Black Sea fleet, who was shot yesterday, supposedly by a sailor of the battleship Otchakov, died this morning without having regained consciousness.

Islesboro, Me., July 12.—Favored once more with fair weather, the yachts of the Eastern Yacht Club started from Dark Harbor shortly before noon today for a twenty-five mile run through Eggemoggin Reach, with the finish at Swans Island. The final run of the cruise to Bar Harbor will be made tomorrow.

Booneville, Ind., July 12.—Fire, supposed to be of incendiary origin, early today destroyed the town of Lynneville, 1,693 population, causing a loss of \$200,000. Twenty-two buildings were burned and the town is practically gone out of existence.

JOHN WAS NOT AFRAID.

Until He Knew With Whom He Was Dealing so Strenuously.

"This must stop right here!" said John Grout, as he put one foot out of bed and began reaching around in the dark for his trousers.

"John!" called his wife, "please don't be foolish. Lie down and be quiet!"

"No!" he snarled. "I'm going to give that young man down there a drubbing that'll make him want to keep away as far as possible from this house in the future. Here it is, after 12 o'clock, and—"

"John," Mrs. Grout pleaded, "stop! Don't go down there, please—"

But John had found his trousers, and ignoring his wife's words, he hurried into the hall. Then he stole downstairs through the dark, and in about half a minute there were sounds of falling stands and tumbling chairs and shaking chandeliers. The old man had grasped his antagonist around the neck right at the start and soon had him choked into submission. Then he tied the fellow full of knots, bumped his head against the newest post several times, and finally threw him down the front steps.

When he got back up stairs his wife and daughter, pale and quaking with terror, flung themselves upon his breast.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"That was a burglar!" they cried. "Heavens!" he gasped, getting sick at the stomach. "Why didn't you tell me before! I thought it was Ethel's beau!"—Judge.

The Mystery Lady.

(Extracts from the Woodville Daily Bugle.)

Monday.—A very stylish looking lady got off the noon train today. She is a stranger to Woodville. Elizabeth Boggs, the genial station master, says that he never saw her before.

Tuesday.—Mrs. Lavina Jones is the name of the stranger who came to town yesterday. She is stopping at the Hayes House, and since her arrival Mine Host Umbstrutter has had his office filled with the younger set of men about town.

Wednesday.—Mrs. Lavina Jones when questioned to-day as to her reasons for visiting Woodville, stated that she did not feel free to make mention of them. It is rumored that she is here in connection with a certain estate that has been in litigation for some years.

Thursday.—

Friday.—

Saturday.—Make Sunday happy by taking home from the Roger Emporium one of those packages of Cheer-Up Breakfast Food, whose virtues were recently demonstrated at our store by Mrs. Lavina Jones.—"Adv."—Pack.

Her Test for Lodgers.

A certain widow who kept a boarding house in a Maine town had a strong bias against the theological views of the Universalists, and enforced a strict "test act" against all applicants for lodgings.

One day an old sea captain happened along to ask for rooms.

"But what do you believe?" asked the widow.

"On, most anything," replied the captain.

"Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"Well," parried the widow, "how many do you think will go there?"

The captain cautiously remarked that he thought 20,000 would be a fair estimate.

The widow paused, then stated that he could come in. "Twenty thousand," she said, "is better than none."—Boston Herald.

Ornithology vs. High Finance.

A certain Pittsburgh millionaire visited Philadelphia not long ago, and his business leading him to the splendid Academy of the Natural Sciences, he found himself walking in and out among the cases of stuffed birds. There are thousands of life like feathered creatures gathered there, and the collection is considered one of the finest in America. The custodian could not help praising it all with excusable warmth.

"I've never figured it out," said he, at last, "but it is safe to say, at a guess, that these stuffed birds are worth not less than \$200,000."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man of money, "is it possible? What are they stuffed with?"

Hard to Freeze.

O woman in your hours of ease You spend much time on things that these: Hats, bonnets, ribbons, sidrecombs, bows, Fans, rippery and furbelows. You think o'er much and spend a mint

On things we have no right to print. As we have said, you think of these. O woman, in your hours of ease, And also in your hours of woe, O woman, woman, ain't it so?

He Spoke His Mind.

Two Irish farmers who had not seen each other for a long time, met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Shure, it's married I am," said Murphy. "You don't tell me so," said Moran. "Faix, yes," said Murphy, "an' I've got a fine healthy bhoys, which the neighbors say is the very picture of me." Moran looked for a moment at Murphy, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, "Och, well, what's the bairns so long as the child's healthy?"—Dublin Gazette.

NOT EVEN STANDING ROOM.

This Assertion Proved the Fallacy of Sam's Reading.

A traveller on an electric car had a seat next an old negro couple, whose earnest voices attracted his attention. "I tell yo', Sam, dat's one ob yo' mod'n notions. I ain't got no patience wif dese yere mod'n notions," said the old "mammy." "And I say again just like I done say'd befo'," replied Sam, "dat I seen it in de newspaper." "Yo' mean ton't tell me dat you seen in de paper how folks was a'livin' on de moon?"

"Yas'm dese yere wise folks say people ain't a'livin' on de moon. An' what's mo' dey say de moon is crowded wif 'em."

The old lady's eyes glenned suddenly in triumph. "Den of dat's de case, Sam, which do all dem people go when de moon dwandles down to a little streak?"—Youth's Companion.

Evolution.

The elderly stranger, revisiting his native town after an absence of thirty-five years, was trying to find out what had become of the companions of his boyhood.

"Is Jack Olin still alive?" he asked.

"I don't know anybody of that name," said the landlord of the hotel.

"Dead and gone, perhaps, or moved away. He lost a hand in a Fourth of July celebration the year before I left here. His father owned the stone quarry just east of the town."

"O, yes, to be sure; he's still alive. He owns the bank and two or three blocks of buildings, and he's the mayor of the town—but his name is J. Henry O'Lynn now."—Chicago

A Boy and a Bird.

Not long ago a Capitol Hill small boy received a pair of pet pigeons from his aunt. The youngster was very much interested in them and paid them much attention. He fed them a dozen times a day at least. He was very desirous that some one should be laid, but the hen pigeon did not seem inclined to phrase him in this respect. One day the little boy came running to his mother. He was excited.

"Mamma," he said, "I know it! Mrs. Pigeon don't lay a egg!"

"Why?" asked his mother.

"Because her egg is stuck in her neck," he replied. He had felt the pigeon's full crop.—Denver Post

Easily Explained.



Shopper—Would you play bridge for money?

Clerk—Certainly not.

Shopper—Conscientious scruple?

Clerk—No.

Shopper—Afraid of losing?

Clerk—Not at all.

Shopper—What then?

Clerk—I do not understand the game.

His Weak End.

Mr. Melville Ingalls, the Western railway magnate, was induced by a friend while spending Sunday with him to attend service at a church, the pastor of which is noted for the extreme length of his sermons.

As the friends were leaving at the conclusion of the service, the Bostonian, with a touch of pride, inquired:

"Dr. Blank is a most eloquent minister, is he not?"

"Very eloquent," was the dry response of the railroad man, "but he has poor terminal facilities."—Hampers Weekly.

Accounted For.

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said:

"Mary, your mouth is open."

"Yessum, replied Mary, "I opened it."—Everybody's Magazine.

Somebody Got It.

Yeast—Were you up to the oyster supper at the church last night?

Crimsonbeak—Yes; it was a very enjoyable affair.

"You're joking."

"No, I'm not. Every one that found an oyster had to sing a song."

"Must have got tiresome."

"Not at all. We only had one song the whole evening."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hard Luck.

Mary—They issued a hundred and fifty wedding invitations.

Jane—Did they get many valuable presents?

Mary—No—they barely made expenses.—Modern Society.

An Example.

"Papa, what is satire?" "Well, for example, when your mother asks me how much I've won at prayer meeting."—Life.

Free Trial Residence Telephones

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company offers for a limited period, trial telephones in the residences of those who have never before had telephone service. The Company has over 200,000 stations. For particulars, call the Manager of the

PORTSMOUTH EXCHANGE

Free Trial Residence Telephones

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

Frank Jones Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPETITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

THOMAS R. SANDFORD, THE TAILOR

At L. D. Britton's Express Office.

TELEPHONE 58-2.

Would you put your Chronometer in the hands of a Blacksmith for adjustment or would you give it to a Watchmaker? I AM A TAILOR AND KNOW MY BUSINESS. Let me do your work. You will find that it is done RIGHT and the price is SATISFACTORY. A splendid line of Woollens for Spring and Summer. I have not removed. I am at the same place,

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FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1906.

ENGLAND NO BETTER

It has developed that the United States is not unique among the nations in the matter of impure food products. England has discovered that in her own meat packing establishments conditions are even worse than in Chicago. More than this, England, like America, has frankly acknowledged her fault.

In a sense, it is gratifying to know that all offenders against pure food laws are not Americans. On the other hand, it is a bit discouraging to learn that questionable business methods have been so generally adopted. That men can without compunction place upon the market food products absolutely unfit to eat is not an agreeable thing to be told. We do not as a rule like to think that our own country has a monopoly of offenders of any class, but in this case it might have been less disquieting had we been assured that England's meat packers were beyond reproach.

However, we now seem to have assurance that conditions will be changed for the better. It looks as if the Chicago packers would be forced to make their buildings sanitary and to improve their methods. Then, it is no similar action is taken in England, the English people can eat American meat without fear.

There has been much talk about the Packingtown exposures. There has been some disposition to defend the packers and to harshly criticize those who have attacked them. Perhaps the business of the packers has been injured, but if the people can be convinced that actual reforms have been adopted, the injury will not be permanent. Despite the positive and vehement assertions of Upton Sinclair, there are many who still believe that he exaggerated. To attempt to discredit the official investigators, however, seems absurd. They certainly had no reason to falsify their report by representing conditions as worse than they were; in fact, if they had been influenced in any way it would have been in the opposite direction.

The people cannot be made to believe that everything was as it should be in Packingtown. To prove to the great army of consumers that there will be no basis for unpleasant reports in the future is what the packers must do now.

BIRDS' EYE VIEWS

The farmer plants his patch of corn; As soon as he gets off it The waiting crow will settle down And gobble up the profit.

What is there in particular to entitle King Victor Emmanuel of Italy to the degree of I. L. D.?

Will Lawyer Patrick ever be electrocuted? The belief prevails in New Hampshire that he will not.

The public grins when it reads of the crash of auto friends going through the country at sixty miles an hour.

Perhaps it is just as well for the growing generation that wood also

hol did kill that New York school teacher who drank it as a beverage.

Once in a while you hear someone still discussing the Tucker case, but the persistence in the belief of his innocence is less obstinate than it was.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy says he would be delighted to accept the degree of I. L. D., from an American university. There are others.

John D. Rockefeller likes the thriftiness of the French peasant. No doubt John D. would like to reduce Americans to the condition of peasantry, if he could.

"God bless you, but go slow!" exclaimed the Pope to a party of Americans going through Italy on an automobile tour. Pope Pius must indeed be a man of humor.

The conviction of wealthy criminals does not necessarily show that the enforcement of the law has become more stringent, but that the criminals aforesaid do not consider it advisable to go scot free.

It would be interesting to know what colored people expect to gain by reviling their best friend, Booker T. Washington.—Portland Advertiser.

Perhaps the negroes know more about B. T. W. than the editor of The Advertiser.

OUR EXCHANGES

A Christening Robe

Who knows what hopes she sewed within the seam.

Linking the folds she fashioned, snow on snow,

With the white patience of a voiceless dream

Hid in her heart, a hundred years ago?

Who knows what prayers she 'broidered in the flowers

Plunged on the fair, white linen, throat to hem,

The tithes of holy, silent hours Twined in the tracery of leaf and stem?

Who knows if she looked down from paradise,

When alien hands her little son had dressed

In the wee robe she wrought—and hid her eyes

To see him smiling on a stranger's breast?

—Mabel Earle in Smart Set, July number.

How About The Black Cat?

There is a broad field in the United States for a magazine that does not devote its pages to commercialized literature.—Atlanta Constitution.

How Does He Do It

One of the labor members of the British house of commons supports a wife and four children on \$12.50 a week. The average American Congressman will be disgusted on learning that the poor fellow doesn't get any mileage allowance either.—Manchester Mirror.

Much Needed Lesson

One of the earliest lessons which every boy should learn is no matter how small a value property may have in his eyes, that which belongs to another is not his to touch and use as he will. Stealing flowers and despoiling flower beds is as bad in principle as blowing a safe and robbing a bank. The householder's flowers may not have as much money value in the eyes of the thief as the specie in the bank vaults but in the eyes of the law and justice, punishment is due of greater or less severity in both cases. The chap who cannot keep his hands from another person's flowers when young is likely to be unable to withstand the temptation of the money of other people later. Lessons, not to be forgotten in youth should be taught along this line.—Taunton Gazette.

Schemers Thrive On Ignorance

If every child in America had a thorough business training (tens of thousands of promoters, long headed, cunning schemers, who have thrived on the people's ignorance, would be out of an occupation.

I believe that the business colleges are among the greatest blessings in American civilization today, because they have saved thousands of homes from being wrecked and have made happy and comfortable tens of thousands of people who might otherwise be living in poverty and wretchedness.—Success Magazine.

New York's Killing Pace

Every ten hours some New Yorker kills himself; every two days somebody kills a New Yorker. The chances of staying alive in the old town are thus only fair to middling.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

GLIDDEN TROPHY

Three Score Autos Seeking It

1000 MILE TRIP TO WHITE MOUNTAINS

Was Commenced At Buffalo, New York, On Thursday

STRINGENT RULES HAVE BEEN MADE AGAINST FAST DRIVING

Buffalo, N. Y., July 12.—Three score automobiles started from here today on the 1,100 mile tour of the American Automobile Association through northwestern New York, Quebec, and the New England states to the White Mountains. The entry list showed a total of eighty-one, but of this number about twenty failed to put in an appearance at the starting point today to compete for the Glidden cup. The cup was donated by Charles J. Glidden of Boston, and is to be given to the person who can show the greatest achievement with the motor car in simple touring and not in racing or fast driving.

Two pilot cars were the first to take the road. They will distribute contented along the route to guide the tourists on their journey. The itinerary follows:

Start July 12, Buffalo, N. Y., to Auburn; 13, Auburn, to Utica; 14, Utica to Saratoga; 15, Sunday, at Saratoga; 16, Saratoga to Elizabethtown; 17, Elizabethtown to Lake Champlain hotel; 18, Lake Champlain hotel to Montreal; 19, at Montreal; 20, Montreal to Three Rivers; 21, Three Rivers to Quebec; 22 and 23, at Quebec; 24, Quebec to Jackman, Maine; 25, Jackman to Waterville; 26, Waterville to Rangeley Lakes; 27, at Rangeley Lakes; 28, Rangeley Lakes to Bretton Woods.

The competitors for the Glidden trophy are subjected to exceedingly stringent rules. For them the tour is a regularly test. They are compelled to run on a certain fixed schedule and are not allowed to touch their cars for any purpose whatever except during the time they are on schedule, and then at their own wish and subject to penalty should their repairs, adjustments, replenishments or inspection be sufficient to delay their running.

For each minute a car is behind schedule time at one of the forty-four checking stations it will be penalized one point. For each minute a car is ahead of time, the penalty is two points. This is to prevent racing. The daily schedules have been arranged on the basis of the maximum of the legal speed limits of the territory through which the tour is made, with allowances for various delays, such as filling tanks, traffic delays, etc.

For those entrants not competing for the Glidden trophy a special prize has been offered by Paul M. Downing, chairman of the touring committee, for the driver who makes the best regularity record in his running, repairs and adjustments in garages being permitted.

The standard of the contestants will be known at the end of each day's run and the result will be known as soon as Bretton Woods is reached. Thirty-five manufacturers are represented, of whom thirty-two are American and three foreign.

The first contestant to start was B. H. Knowles of Brooklyn, who got away at 7 o'clock. The remainder moved off at brief intervals. The last car to get away was one which will be used to pick up the checks and for general utility. It left at 5:55. The first starter should reach Auburn at 2:50 this afternoon.

FORESTING SAND HILLS IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Season Favors First Year's Work On Garden City Reserve in Kansas

Reclaiming the barren sand hills of the Middle West with forest cover, to supply timber where there is a dearth of it, is one of the more striking of the important forest planting projects of the Forest Service. Four of the National forests have been established in the non-agricultural region with the express purpose of getting a firm grip on methods which will overcome natural difficulties and set up object lessons for the benefit of the people. These are the Niobrara, the Dismal River and the North Platte reserves in Nebraska and the Garden City reserve in Kansas. The

Nebraska reserves have responded so well to careful treatment that hundreds of thousands of seedlings have been planted out and millions more are being raised in nurseries for use in other reserves. Thus, for the first planting on the Garden City reserve, just completed, most of the trees were taken from the nurseries in the Dismal River reserve.

The Kansas reserve lies in a region of scattered, barren sand hills, interlaced with prairie on which grass thrives well enough to support live stock. The origin of these hills, in itself interesting, reminds one in a way of that of the sand dunes which encroached from the sea upon the fertile fields of western France and laid them waste. In both cases the wind has been the enemy of the soil. For in France wind drove the sand of the seashore inland, and in the middle western region of our own country wind drove eastward the sand which the Arkansas River had carried down in floods and afterwards exposed to dry. The sand hills were formed long ago, and the action of the wind is now largely checked by the spread of the carpet of grass, which binds the sand wherever there is enough moisture to encourage it.

The semiarid conditions of the region necessarily restrict the selection of trees. Right choice of species, the crux of forest planting generally, is here especially decisive. By its aid, together with right planting methods and right care of the plantation, a treeless region, one therefore in which wood is a scarce and a highly valuable commodity, can be made to produce useful woods, and at a cost so slight as to satisfy good business judgment. Thus on a light, sandy surface, whose only cover is wild grass and weeds, a merchantable forest crop is to be grown. In addition to the general demand for wood, there will be a special demand in connection with the Garden City irrigation project, which is within a few miles of the Garden City Reserve.

Honey locust, Osage orange, Russian mulberry, red cedar, and western yellow pine are the trees used in the new project, of which 51,000 came from the Government nursery near Halsey, Neb. The planting this season progressed under highly favorable conditions as regards weather and the physical condition of the soil, and at the expiration of six and one-half days thirteen men had completed the task at a total cost, exclusive of the trees, of \$3.88 per acre.

A fence was built about the three-fourths of a section in which the planting was done, though part of this area remains to be planted next season. This was to exclude stock. To exclude prairie fires a fire guard was ploughed about the plantation.

SHARPEN YOUR LAWN MOWER

Now is the time to have your lawn mower overhauled and put in first class condition. Every mower is ground by a practical mechanic on an especially made machine, which leaves no guess work nor standing grass. All work will receive the same careful attention it did last year.

FRANK S. SEYMOUR.

HAMPTON BEACH CASINO

Joseph F. Flynn's Empire Specialty Company will be the attraction at Hampton Beach Casino all next week, starting with a matinee Monday, July 16. A number of novel feature acts will be introduced and the patrons of The Casino will no doubt think they are seeing the regular Winter vaudeville bill at one of the principal theatres. Of the more notable acts may be mentioned the Quigley Brothers, who will introduce a budget of new songs and funny stories, while the Hughes Musical Trio will be remembered as the feature of the Buster Brown production last season. Bunth and Rudd are a direct importation from Europe coming from The Alhambra, London, and their eccentric makeups and funny sayings will no doubt prove a big hit. Others on the bill will be Aglous and Melano in an Italian burlesque magic act and Walter Ray, famous for his roller skating. Performances every afternoon and evening.

Every car of the Portsmouth electric railway was pressed into service on Thursday evening.

CHEAP BUTTER IS OLEO'S BEST FRIEND.

As long as people clamor for something cheap we shall have adulterated food.

We do not make cheap butter. We do make butter of extra good quality and deliver it while it has all its original flavor and aroma.

PURE CREAM IN ANY QUANTITY.

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58 STATE ST.,

A New Soda Drink, Ron-Bre,

Non-Alcoholic, destroys that tired feeling; health giving, pleasant, cooling, refreshing and invigorating. Try it, you will like it. Also our FAMOUS GOLDEN ROD GINGER ALE is a corker. Order a case for your home. Flavored Sodas of all kinds. Our goods are on sale at all tonic stands.

GAS CYLINDERS FOR SALE.

PHILBROOK & MARVIN.

GOODALL & TOLMAN,

General Machinists.

Lawn Mowers, Knives, Saws, Scissors, Etc., Sharpened. Auto, Motor and Steamboat Work. Electric Nickel Plating. Second Hand Lawn Mowers for Sale. Telephone No. 442.

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs a Specialty.

Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination Plate Rail and Picture Moulding

Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

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One Cent a Word.

For Each Insertion.

3 LINES ONE WEEK 40 CENTS.

LOST—The young man on the bicycle who picked up the lady's shawl on the boulevard near the Ocean Wave House, will be rewarded if he will return it to the Ocean Wave House.

LOST—Sunday afternoon, probably on cars between Portsmouth and Greenland or near Greenland Parade, Gold Pin Brooch. Please return to 26 Middle St. chj10-3t

WANTED—Twenty first-class carpenters and twenty brick layers, non-union. Steady employment and good pay to competent men. Write or call on The Tracy Bros. Co., Waterbury, Conn. chj9-2w

PAY spot cash for old feather beds, old carpets, old silverware, plated ware, pewter, antique furniture, etc. Address "Feathers," this office. chj7-12t

WANTED—Waitresses for Oceanic and Appledore Hotels, Isles of Shoals; salary \$5.00 per week and transportation. Apply at ticket office, Isles of Shoals wharf, city. chj6-1w

AGENTS for "Gloria" the wonderful new drink. Gives youthful vigor. Half a day of new life in every drink. Drink Gloria. C. E. Boynton. Tel. chj12-13w

TO LET—House No. 100 on State street, house No. 38 Cabot street; also 8-room cottage, ten minutes from Foss' Beach, pleasantly situated. Apply to Benjamin F. Webster. hctf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. chj18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. chj15tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. chj15tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. chj15tf

ELECTRIC motor for sale. Inquire at this office. M9chtf

AGENTS Wanted:—Write for our proposition. You double your money on all our goods; money refunded for goods not sold. Address Hampden Community, Box No. 531, Springfield, Mass. J9hc3t

Isles of Shoals STEAMER

Time Table - - Season of 1906 Commencing June 27, 1906 Subject to change without further notice

PORTSMOUTH and ISLES of SHOALS HOTELS APPLEDORE and OCEANIC

Steamer May Archer

A finely equipped new boat

Leaves Portsmouth, wharf foot of Dee street for Isles of Shoals, at 8:00 a. m. and 5:00 p. m. Sundays, at 10:45 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

RETURNING Leaves Appledore and Oceanic Hotels Isles of Shoals, for Portsmouth, at 8:00 and 10:15 a. m. and 5:25 p. m. Sundays, at 8:45 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Fare for Round Trip 50cts. Good on day of issue only. FARE ONE WAY 50 Cts.

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issues this contract which will be embodied

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OR LaFRANCO'S COMPOUND

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of good judgment—on the part of the dealer, to keep and sell the best goods, and on the part of the buyer to buy the best, which are cheapest in the end. Everything to furnish the kitchen and laundry.

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CARRIAGE WORK AND
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your horse is not going right come and see us. We charge nothing for examination and consultation.

If you want your carriages or carts repaired, or new ones made, we will give you the benefit of our 45 years experience in this business without expense.

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CANDY ICE TONICS
SMOKING GOODS
COOK'S, At The Plains

IT WILL BE BRYAN

Such The Prediction Of Congressman Sulloway

TALL PINE HALE AND HEARTY AFTER STRENUOUS SEASON

Congressman Sulloway has returned from Washington and is looking hale and hearty after a most strenuous session. He is somewhat indisposed, however, owing to a severe heated spell which prevailed in Washington just prior to his departure for home. In an interview on Thursday with a press representative he discussed political matters to some extent. He declares that William J. Bryan will be the nominee of the Democracy for president in the campaign of 1908 and that the great issue will be the tariff. Mr. Sulloway said:

"The session was a working one. A great deal was accomplished and while the fruits of legislation are not immediately realized, I believe the result will prove the work to be the most beneficial of any since the legislation during the streets of the civil war.

"The subjects of legislation are familiar to newspaper readers and while all has not been done that was hoped for, a great deal more has been accomplished than at an average long session. I personally lament the failure of the passage of the free shipping bill. I am an enthusiast on that subject and believe in protecting our commerce on the water and doing ourselves the carrying trade, for which we are now paying alien carriers \$200,000 a day for bringing to us our imports and carrying our exports; for the same reason that I believe in protecting our wage earners and industries with a protective tariff.

"No other nation on the face of the earth could stand the drain of \$200,000 a day, the amount which we pay foreign shipowners. To my mind New Englanders are especially interested in the shipping bill and the nation as a whole, for in no other way shall we ever be able to man a navy, as we must and shall have, with able seamen who are experts in battling with the winds and waves.

"Every other nation that can be dignified to be called a commercial people pays bounties or subsidies, or whatever name you please to call it and it proves a profitable business in times of peace and when war comes gives them an advantage that no words can adequately describe. One of the latest and best illustrations is

Hampton Beach Casino

Week of July 16th,

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THE QUIGLEY BROTHERS

America's Best Talking Comedians.

BIRTH AND RISE, from the "Old World." Burlesque Magicians. AGLOUS & MELANO, European Eccentrics. HAYES & HAYES, Instrumentalists. WALTER RAY, Roller Skate Dancing.

Every Afternoon and Evening.

Lakes in the Clouds

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Specific Rates to
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We have been engaged in the Monumental, Granite and Marble business in the neighborhood of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have set considerable monumental work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now that we have located in Portsmouth, we shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have at our other shops, by the same business principles. High Grade Work at Reasonable Prices. Call and inspect our stock. We are now quoting special prices.

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WOMEN AND MEN.
The Big 44 for unimpaired discharge, inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Painful, and not astriction or poisoning. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, for 25 cents. Prepared, C. A. B. Co., 301 Broadway, New York.

now a matter of history in the war between Japan and Russia. The Japs were all well footed; the Russians had no scamen, practically speaking.

"While the waters north of Russia are frequented by the fishermen of all the continent, whoever heard of any Russian fishing in those waters as a matter of business? They manned their Baltic fleet with landmen and sent them to the sea of Japan, where their ships were only targets for the Japanese gunners, and some of them sunk without firing a gun.

"With our island possessions, our great length of coast line on the Atlantic gulf and Pacific, we should have the most powerful navy in the world and to make that navy powerful we must have seamen. The shipping bill would enable us to man such a navy with men competent.

"It is apparent that Mr. Bryan will be the candidate of the Democratic party for president in 1908 and that the tariff now is and will be in the presidential campaign the great issue. The people of this country have great confidence in President Roosevelt. Who will be the Republican candidate I am unable to state."

AT THE RESORTS

Notes From Places of Summer Sojourn In This Vicinity

Capt. John Dennett of the United States revenue marine is at York-shire Inn, York Harbor, for a few days. He will soon open his summer residence at York Village, which he expects in future to make his permanent home, when not traveling in this country or abroad. He will be retired from active duty in a few weeks.

The bequest of Mrs. Helen E. Cole to the Green Acre fellowship, announced in these columns some time ago, will be of great value. She gave eleven acres of the finest land in Eliot, \$12,000 in money and the rare furniture of her New York and Newport houses. All this is for a cottage to be the headquarters of the Green Acre Fellowship. This cottage will be known as the Long Reach Beacon. In it, business meetings will be held and lecturers, musicians and other guests entertained. Work will be commenced next Fall and it is hoped that the cottage will be ready for occupancy next season. Mrs. Davin of the Washington branch of the Fellowship is having built at the entrance to Green Acre a tent bungalow, to be called the Visitors' House of Rest. An information bureau will also be established there.

Miss Josephine Hewins of Dedham, Mass., is the guest of Miss Adam at York Harbor for a month.

Miss Florence Wilkins, for six years matron of Rosemary Cottage, Eliot, has again assumed the position. She is already receiving guests.

John T. W. Ham of Dover and his family are enjoying cottage life at York Beach for the Summer.

Mrs. A. P. H. DeHaas held a reception on Wednesday afternoon at her York Harbor studio in honor of Mrs. B. W. Freeman. Many of the most fashionable of York Harbor's Summer colony attended the function. The guests had the pleasure of inspecting many of the paintings of Mrs. DeHaas.

The Montreal House at Long Beach, York, is again in charge of Mr. Alphonse Dube. Lester de Maar is clerk.

The Methodist camp meeting at Old Orchard began on Tuesday and will continue until Saturday, July 21.

R. G. Sullivan and family have opened their cottage at York Beach.

His Mood.

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential, and the exclamatory moods. His efforts resulted as follows: "I am endeavoring to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve questions I may pass. God help me!"—Harper's Weekly.

Alert.

Mr. Wholesale—Your former employer tells me you were the quickest bookkeeper in the place.

Young Applicant (dubiously)—Does he?

Mr. Wholesale—Yes. He says you could throw the books in the safe, lock up and get ready to go home in just one minute and ten seconds.—Answers.

Wanted to Know.

Beck (despondently)—I said something my wife didn't like, and she hasn't spoken to me for two days.

Pock (eagerly)—Can you remember what it was you said?—Punch.

A PART IN POLITICS

Is Planned By State Federation Of Labor

WHICH WILL SOON HOLD CONVENTION IN THIS CITY

Concord, N. H., July 12.—The executive board of the New Hampshire branch of the American Federation of Labor is planning to take an active part in the campaign for the state election next Fall. The state labor organization convenes in Portsmouth in a few weeks.

All candidates for public office will receive blanks from the executive board, upon which they will be asked to state their position on three labor measures which the Federation desires to have passed by the next Legislature.

These measures are to compel a 58-hour week for working women and a man's wages cannot be held back from him for debts, and to abolish children throughout the year, to change the trustee law so that all of our state commissions and place the affairs of the state more directly in the hands of the people.

This program was outlined at a mass meeting of wage earners in Berlin by President James Legassie and Secretary D. W. Finn, of the state branch of the Federation. "I believe the time is ripe," said Secretary Finn, "for political action on the part of laboring men. We desire to eliminate all old party lines, and we ask you to vote only for men who represent your interests and who will vote for such measures as you desire to see passed."

SELECTING A STANDARD.

Doubts Which Beset the Young Man In the Business World.

A great many young men who go out into the world of business from school or college or from the influence of a refined home are often puzzled to hear experienced men say that ideals are all right in their way and in theory, but that in practical life, in the rough-and-ready game of business, or in the professions, the sooner young men get rid of much of their "fine-spun nonsense" the quicker they will succeed, says the Philadelphia Ledger. What is a young man to say to that sort of talk? If he be weak and disposed to be "highly practical," and of an unformed character, and with only a veneer of civilization spread thinly upon him, he will hearken to the callous man of the world and do as he does, becoming hopelessly vulgarized. If he have the framework of character, he will simply say that if that be the way of the practical world, the world is wrong, and that there is a better and higher view and pathway for him. How far would the world advance if its ideals were based on the opinions of the most mercenary and common of the people? It would retrograde. How much progress onward and upward would a young man make if he were to key his existence and conduct to the ordinary pitch fixed by the low average of those with whom he comes in daily contact. He would be ashamed to own to himself that he had fixed such a standard for himself. The right standard to take is to choose the very best, and to try to the utmost to live up to that standard.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Something to Bring About.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown were bosom friends. It was astonishing what a lot they knew about other people's business.

The conversation turned in the direction of a Mrs. Tittlesay, a new arrival in the next street.

"I hear she's suffering from appendicitis," declared Mrs. Brown.

"Suffering!" echoed Mrs. Jones contemptuously.

"Why, yes; didn't you know that?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I heard she had got appendicitis," replied Mrs. Jones, "but, Lord! judging by the way they brag about it I thought it was some sort of piano player! What is it anyway?"

No Wonder He Moved.

The following notice was found posted on a deserted homestead in the arid regions of Kansas:—"Four miles from a neighbor, sixteen miles from a postoffice, twenty-five miles from a railroad, fourteen miles from a schoolhouse, forty-one miles from a church, 180 miles to timber, 600 miles to democrat, half a mile to hell and the same distance to a republican. Gone to Idaho—God's country—to get a fresh start."—Chicago Journal.

Wonders of Wireless.

"Here's a wireless message," announced the business manager, "from a man who desires to take our entire 'Help Wanted' department for to-day's issue."

"Where is he?" inquired the managing editor.

"On a capsized boat about four miles out in the Atlantic Ocean,"—Pittsburg Post.

Bessie's Mystery

"What on earth can all my Bessie?" mourned the heart of Jack Adair. It was at a surprise party; he stood staring by the stair. Never had he seen her sweeter than when now anent the room she shot glances barbed with poison, feather-shafted deep with gloom. Hide and seek her dimples dancing, peek-a-boo her darting eyes, shook the spirit of her lover, like a cyclone made of sighs.

"What's the matter, Bessie Owens?" he demanded, daft with pain. "What's the matter, Bessie Owens," had worn to a weird refrain. She had answered with a flutter of her handkerchief of silk, diving into it her features, like a swan dives into milk. Mattered never, never, never what he did or thought or said, if he ever came a-near her, promptly she turned away her head. All the sweet road through the woodland on the way to Host Maroon's, she'd her white face turned to heaven as if seeking stray balloons. Or she'd stare o'er her left shoulder at the fireflies in the dusk, or at blunder-headed beetles bumping daffily through the dusk. She who once had loved her spirit in his spirit's inner depths, turned her gaze from his soul's windows, taking not the smallest peeps.

"Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted," quoted he from Locksley Hall. 'Tis a poem Bessie worships; but she shuddered, that was all. "Tell me, tell me, Bessie Owens, look at me and tell me true, has some fatal word been uttered that has poisoned me for you?" Shrugged her shoulders like a Frenchman; but she uttered not a word; and no sign or token told him what the shoulder shrug inferred. Then he tried to be facetious; told the driving horse that Bess was a riddle he would give a bag of oats to guess. "Can you guess her?" then the pony whinnied high a carol gay. "Do you notice," poor Jack murmured, "he has promptly answered 'Neigh!' But the maiden never tittered; like Egyptian Sphinx sat she, while poor Jack in falling cadence whispered: "That's a horse on me."

Then he thought his sudden summat, as her company that night, needed explanation, and he sought to set the matter right. "This Maroon surprise was got up very late this afternoon. 'Twas remembered they were wedded on the 21st of June. Was no time for preparation; so I found 'twas up to me, to either go without you, or to drive 'round after tea. Talk to me; for women talk more on this day than any other. 'Tis the longest, Bessie Owens, ask your father, ask your mother."

But she got her from the buggy at the door of the Maroons, silent as the spectral burglar when he "burgles" after spoons. 'Twas the same when driving homeward; sat she with her back askew, while the dark abyss between them yawned the deeper, wider grew. Poor Jack made some futile effort to perk up and prattle gay; 'twas like laughter in a graveyard, 'twas like grinning when we pray. So at last, in teebler spasms, as we've seen green-applid kids succumb to paregoric, straightened out and close their lids, so Jack reached spasmodic silence, and, with eyes suffused with tears, sat and stared at star-led Night-time, and his horse's wobbling ears.

"Oh, my heart is breaking, Bessie!" said he as he helped her light, to her coiled back hair he said it, coiled so silent, dark and tight. "Look out, Bessie, facing backwards you've undone your tresses' pins, and a miscue on the fender made you scrape your shapely shins." Haughtily she towered and heightened, like an empress o'er a slave; "shins are plebeian, they are something no true ladies ever have."

Then a shriek hysteric, haunting, scared the owls and bats; she fell, laughing, crying like a spirit half in half in hell. "Jack!" she cried, "avant, don't aid me, keep your distance; tell I must, or my heart will burst and slay me, knowing of your love and trust. Jack Adair, come not anigh me, I'm unfit for your true arms!"

"Another! I will slay him," said Adair, with vague alarms. "Tell me, Bessie, tell me truly, has another won your heart? Though it kills me, then forever, here beneath the trees we part. Trees whose leaves have whispered o'er us, million voiced, about our love, while like echoes of our passion, sobbed the burnished turtle dove."

"Nay, by my soul I swear it, none usurps your image there!" and, with hand on heart she stood there, in the attitude of prayer.

"Then by the great horned spoon (that jed Mahomet)," said poor Jack, "you've the switchkeys, please to shunt me on the right and proper track. Link the syllables explaining from the tank to the caboose!" and the railroad man stood waiting, staring at the little goose.

"Well, you came just after supper, unexpected, dearest Jack. Keep away, now, or I'll have to switch you on another track. And—and—I'd been eating onions! Oh, I'm glad it's out, it's thorough!"

"I'd not known it," whispered Jack, then. "I'd been eating onions, too!"—Kansas City Star.

Necessary Preliminary.

"An' now, bruddern an' sistern," said the Rev. Mr. Platfoot, as the contribution box was started on its rounds, "remember, dat while it am well t' direct yo' wireless messages to de throne ob grace, dey am a heap mo' less apt t' miscarry if de charges am liberally prepaid."



Diary of a Clothier.

Tuesday, July 10.

Was in Boston today and closed out some Blue Serge Suits two dollars under price. Shall give customers the benefit of the bargain. Bought heavily of Negligee Shirts to sell for a dollar each. Picked up some "trades" in Outing Trousers which will make competitors "go some" to match.

Wednesday, July 11.

Yesterday's purchases came in this morning and lines in all departments are complete. Trade good. Circus tomorrow.

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At the Point of Death.

Some one whispered nervously to a neighbor. One or two men lifted their heads and drew quick breaths. People glanced from side to side, and a few feet shuffled uneasily. Then a tiny puff of smoke came from the left wing and travelled as far as the middle of the stage. Its effect was instantaneous.

"Fire!" shrieked a shrill voice, and a woman started up frantically. "Fire! Fire!"

In an instant the huge theater was a seething, swaying mass; from all sides burst screams, sobs and oaths. For a few seconds people were pushed in purposeless groups hither and thither. Then suddenly the crowd broke into racking, unwise sections, each pushing, fighting, tearing toward the exit nearest it.

In the middle of the stalls, very still, sat a group of three. The Woman in the middle, the Husband on her right, the Other Man on her left. For the first few seconds it seemed as if they must be swept off their seats. Then, with a quick movement, the Other Man wheeled half round on his chair, put one hand on the back of the Woman's seat and the other on the seat before her. The Husband slowly followed his example. Their hands met in a steady grip behind and in front of her. Thus till the rush was over they formed a human cage for her protection.

"Thank you," she said quietly, when the middle of the theater was deserted. "I couldn't have borne to be touched by such animals." She gave a hurried glance at the nearest mass of humanity and then fixed her eyes determinedly on the smoke-clouded stage in front. "What do you remind one of?" she asked, as though thinking aloud.

It was the Other Man who answered. "Flies," he said contemptuously; "flies, when the trough has just been filled."

She half turned her head toward him. "Yes," she said gravely, "they do look like that."

She looked the fireproof curtain began to move.

"Oh, thank God, the curtain!" she shrieked a fashionably dressed woman, her face made hideous by fear.

A sea of other faces, stamped with every shade of terror and ferocity, turned toward the stage at the cry. For an instant the tumult sank to something like silence. Then it rose again.

"It's stuck! Oh, it's stuck!" and the flight for life continued in all its sickening savagery.

"Have we any chance?" asked the Woman simply. For a moment neither answered. Then again it was the Other Man who spoke.

"Unless they get the curtain down in time, none," he answered. "There are no other exits. I know the place well. It won't be the fire, probably, but the smoke. In a minute or two we must move farther back from it." He spoke with admirable restraint.

And then suddenly the Husband stood up. They both turned toward him. His face was gray, and his lips trembled.

"Not this way," he murmured in a shaking voice, "ah, merciful heaven, not again this way!"

The woman quivered as beneath a lash, and her face grew white.

"John!" she said sharply. "John!" He started slightly. "Yes?"

She would not let her eyes meet his. "Please go away," she said in a low voice.

He hesitated a moment. "What for?" he asked. She stirred impatiently. "Oh, I don't care. Get a whisky-and-soda if you know where to find it, or perhaps you'd better leave out the soda; I mean."

She paused shuddering. "Only go," she added faintly.

What did she mean? Did she know what she was saying? Probably not, he decided. What had he said himself a minute ago? He could not remember. What did anything matter now? He went without a word.

The Other Man stared straight in front of him. His face was a mask. For a minute they sat very still. Then he turned round.

"Come," he said in an ordinary voice, "it is time to move."

She gave him her hand, and he helped her over chairs and wooden forms till they were at the back of the pit. "Here?" she asked.

"No," he said, and spread his coat on the floor; "here, please. The nearer the ground, the less smoke, you know."

She sat down silently and no longer him to share the coat. Then suddenly she laughed.

"It's queer, isn't it," she said, "that we would think about getting our clothes off now?"

He did not answer. He was twisting a button on his vest round and round; it came off in his hand. Suddenly he spoke. "You are very brave," he said.

She drew a quivering breath. "I'm trying to be brave enough for two," she said in a low voice.

He made no reply; he did not want to understand.

"I'm glad," she added hurriedly, "that we moved. Perhaps he will not find us here."

He flared swiftly, with a rush of joy. "Elizabeth!" he cried. "Then you are content, here, with me?"

She brushed her hand across her eyes. "Oh, I don't know what I'm saying. I want to die; but if I've got to, I'd rather be near somebody brave than—like you."

"Elizabeth!" he said passionately, "don't you know I love you?"

She started. "Oh, hush!" she mur-

mured. "It is so near—the end."

"That is just why," he said, and laughed recklessly. "In a few minutes it must be all over. Haven't you a right to make the most of them? Do you love me, Elizabeth?" He drew her toward him, and she did not resist. She was thinking of the grayness of her husband's face as she had last seen it.

"Yes," she said, "I believe I do."

"Say it again," he urged, "without the 'I believe'."

The smoke was getting rapidly thicker. She tried not to think of it. "I love with a B," she said flippantly, "because he is brave, and I hate my—him with a C, because he is a coward—a coward!"

His arm relaxed suddenly. "Ah, dear, don't!" he cried. "Is that all?"

"All?" she echoed. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," he said, bitterly. "I'm a cad, but not as bad as all that. Are you blind? Don't you know what was the matter with him?"

"He was in mortal fear," she whispered.

Neither of them noticed that in front of the blazing stage the fireproof curtain had suddenly finished its arrested descent nor the semi-hull that ensued.

"Yes," he cried, "in mortal fear of losing you. Don't you know what happened to his father and mother? Didn't you even wonder what he meant by 'Not again this way'?"

She shook her head. "Wives know so little of their husband's bachelor experiences," she reminded him with a wan smile.

"They were burnt in America," he said. "Like this, in a theater. He was with them; the flaming gas gave way, taking them both with it, and leaving him on the broken edge, safe."

She covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she murmured. "I didn't know. What have I done?"

"He told me once," he went on, "that it had left him with the feeling that fire would never touch him, but that to think of any one he cared for being in a fire made him—well, what you saw."

They were silent for an instant. "Hallo!" he said suddenly, "they've got the curtain down."

They stood up. Firemen and policemen were everywhere.

"No danger! No danger!" The words passed from mouth to mouth, and though they were not strictly true the effect of the lowered curtain was magical. The crowds were perceptibly thinner, noticeably calmer, but round each exit were gossamer proofs of the violence of the panic.

"Elizabeth!"

They looked at each other. "It's John," she said faintly.

"Yes," he said, and his smile was bitter. "It's John. Good-by. Forget it all, Elizabeth. Do you know?"

He looked at his watch—"It's all happened in under ten minutes!"

"Really?" she said. "It doesn't seem possible." But her eyes were searching for her husband.

He noticed it. "Elizabeth!" he said, half shamefacedly.

"Yes."

"You are going to make up to him somehow for—for saying that to him?"

Her eyes softened and she held out her hand. "That was nice of you," she said gently. "Yes, I am going to make up to him."

"Elizabeth!" He had found her at last. The Other Man slipped away. "I've found a way," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Come along."

"Oh," she cried, "you've hurt your hand; it's bleeding."

He held out the other to her. "No, no; it's nothing. I had rather a bother with the doors and windows. That's why I've been so long."

She followed him silently.

When they were in a hansom, and on their way home there was an awkward silence. Elizabeth had just finished bandaging his hand with the aid of both their handkerchiefs.

"Dear," he said at last, "would you mind telling me why you asked me to go away?"

She looked at him with a reproachful pout. "Must you inquire into all your wife's weaknesses?" she asked.

"I only wondered—"

"Of course," she interrupted. "I know you would, and I meant to tell you. But you'll despise me. You've got a very unheroic wife, John. When I asked you to go I was—"

He couldn't bear you to see it; so I said the first thing I thought of to get rid of you while I got over it. I didn't know what I was saying. But—but I did get over it."

He bent and kissed her, and his voice was very tender. "You darling, it's all right," he said. "Do you know?"—he laughed lightheartedly—

"I've been worrying like anything about it. I fancied you thought I was in a funk about myself. You seemed to mean that."

She stared at him; then burst out laughing. "Oh, you dear, darling old stupid!" she cried. "Don't you know yet that women never mean what they seem to mean?"

He made a mock gesture of despair. "So now that you seem to mean you are well, rather fond of me, Elizabeth, what do you really mean?"

She smiled up at him sweetly. "That I consider you perfect," she whispered.

Upstairs in her own room Elizabeth wandered to the window. Her eyes were troubled. Suddenly she knelt down and buried her face in her hands. "Please," she said, with a little sob, and with no consciousness of the oddity of her demand, "please don't let him ever remember that I told him to leave the soda."

—The Sketch.

Love Levels All.

It had been a delightful month. Dulcie was sure that no one had ever packed so much happiness into a month before. London was the most enchanting place in the world, and Dulcie Mortimer was a country girl, paying her first visit to town. She had gone about among quite nice people, who took the trouble to talk to you, to dance with you, and to make up supper parties after the theater just because you would be there. It was all very nice. A girl who had lived twenty-two years in the world without ever thinking of love blushed divinely as she caught sight of herself in the mirror.

"Well, old girl, are you ready?" Dulcie's cousin, Jack Mortimer, taking the stairs two at a time, stood in mock ecstasy before the pink frock.

"Beastly fetchin'. I say, Dulcie, is it quite fair?"

"Fair?"

"Well, are you playing the game? He's no end of a decent chap—and any one can see and, of course, if it's all right, I'm jolly glad; but—"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Dulcie, with dignity, and went downstairs.

Jack looked after her, and whistled his favorite tune.

"I wonder if you really don't know," he said, to the vanishing frock, "and if it will make any difference when you do?"

They were going to a dance at the Kensington Town Hall. Mrs. Mortimer, who was the most popular dowager in her set, was chaperoning a party of girls. The Mortimers lived in Bloomsbury. The drive to Kensington is a fairly long one. Mrs. Mortimer was received impatiently by half a dozen girls waiting for her in the dressing room, and Jack found the whole of his set gathered at the top of the stairs. There was a little struggle for Dulcie's card, and when Philip Renwick, fellow of Cambridge, and newly appointed professor of Greek at a northern university, received it, there were only two dances left.

"And supper?" said the professor of Greek, as with serene philosophy and stolid calm he scribbled his initials in the only spaces that were left.

The boys round Dulcie glowered at him. What did the professor of Greek want with supper?

Of course, no really nice girl ever throws away her card at a dance; but if it is lost what are you to do? It is impossible to remember all the people you promised to dance with when you came in. Dulcie's memory was very bad to-night. It was after supper, and the wicker chairs behind the palm tree made an excellent resting place. The music from the ballroom drifted fitfully in and out with the opening and closing of the door. Philip Renwick rested his elbows on his knees, and stared at the door.

"So you live in Deepdale?" he said.

"Dear old Deepdale," said Dulcie, "where no one ever comes or goes, where the only event of any importance is the stopping of the church clock. One eats and sleeps and dreams in Deepdale; but I don't think we live there."

She was laughing as she spoke, and the man beside her turned and looked curiously at her.

"Wonder!" he said.

His eyes were earnest. Dulcie shrank a little before their glare. It was all so new and wonderful and she was not sure yet. Philip Renwick took her fan from her hand. It had been her mother's. The handle was tortoise shell, inlaid with mother of pearl. It bore a crest and a coat of arms. Philip Renwick put it hastily away from him, as if the sight hurt him. Dulcie's mother had been an earl's granddaughter. Dainty, sweet and gracious as the girl was, this was a little fact she would never forget.

"I lived in Deepdale once," said the professor. "I'm going back there soon."

He spoke dreamily. Dulcie sat in silence by his side; sat in silence because she would not trust herself to speak. She knew all it meant to her now. Perhaps he saw it, for his hand touched hers as it lay on the arm of the chair.

"Tell me," he said suddenly, "will you be glad if I come?"

It was nearly said; the secret at a girl's heart leaped to her eyes. They looked at each other, and then Renwick suddenly straightened himself and leaned back in his seat.

"One must play the game," he said. "It wouldn't be fair."

It was what Jack had said a little earlier in the evening. Dulcie felt puzzled.

The ball was over now. The Mortimer carriage was called. Philip Renwick held a girl's hand in his.

"When I come to Deepdale at Easter," he said, "would what you will say?"

II

"The party at Castle Standing for the Standing Spring Meeting includes Lord and Lady William St. Robin and Prof. Renwick."

"Mr. Mortimer, Dulcie's father, threw the paper on the floor."

"I see Renwick is at the castle," he said. "I have often wanted to meet him. We disagree so totally! If the fellow is anything like his books he ought to be worth meeting. This is the first time I've heard of him since we came north."

The Mortimers were something of all this in their northern country. Scholar and bookworm, unlike his predecessor at the vicarage, Mr.

Mortimer did not know the history of every man in the dale. He blinked amably at his daughter over his spectacles, and something kept Dulcie tongue-tied. She did not tell her father that she had met Prof. Renwick in town. Dulcie was feeling hurt and sore. A man had sought her out; had even offered a semblance of love; and then had drawn back. Dulcie had heard nothing of the professor since she had left him standing bareheaded on the steps of the Kensington Town Hall. And now he was staying at Castle Standing, and she was a little country girl, the daughter of the vicar of Deepdale.

Dulcie went out to do her shopping that morning in a very bad temper indeed.

You bought everything from Renwick's in Deepdale—bacon and butter and eggs, stuffs for the garden, and fodder for the pony, and corn for the hens. Mrs. Renwick knew what you wanted before you asked for it, and was able to tell you of all the things you had forgotten. Dulcie forgot everything to-day.

There, talking to the man who drove the cart to Overton, with his hands in his pockets, and his feet in slippers, stood the professor.

"Good morning," said the professor. "You see I've come!"

Dulcie looked from Philip Renwick to the shop, and back again, and he looked at her.

"Please don't be so surprised!" he said to her. "It's quite true."

It was ghastly and horrible—the little shop with the hams hanging overhead, the flour in bags on the floor, the soap, the sugar and the tea, and Mrs. Renwick telling how glad she and "feyther" were that "Phil" had come "home."

Dulcie had always liked Mrs. Renwick before. To-day she hated her.

And a man watched the woman he loved. He saw the whole struggle in her heart, and told himself that the end had come. Philip disappeared from the doorway. Dulcie caught sight of him sitting in apparent contentment before the kitchen fire.

A day or two passed. They walked up the long lane, April surely is the loveliest time of all the year.

"Dulcie," said Philip Renwick, "couldn't you? Is it too hard?"

A woman was fighting against herself.

"Yes, it is," she said hardly. "You should have told me. I wouldn't have let myself care."

She turned and fled away from him, and a man climbed the hill alone. How much misery is it possible to pack into two days? A girl who had laughed for twenty-two years of her life surely wept her heart away during two long nights.

"I hear Renwick is going away," said her father to Dulcie a couple of mornings later. "Why the fellow couldn't come and see me I don't know. I've simply longed to know him for years. These young men—these young men! I suppose an old, stranded book-worm isn't good enough for him."

The reproach is unmerited. Dulcie forgot all that had been, and knew only that she could not let Philip rest under a charge like that—Philip who walked up and down outside the vicarage garden in case she should come out, and who was dear and good, and the truest gentleman she had ever known.

"I'm horrid!" said Dulcie to the girl in the mirror, when she was once again in her own room. "And perhaps he won't like me now."

The trees in the vicarage garden are thick and heavy, the lane outside is not lighted by any lamp, but a white gown shows so easily against the wall. Dulcie had been waiting just one little moment, when she knew that he was there.

"Is it—Is it Professor Renwick?" she said; and put out her hand and touched his sleeve.

The voice was pleading and childish, the fingers trembled; a man who knew that he had won all that he had waited for was deeply glad.

"It's not Professor Renwick," said a voice in the dark; "it's—it's Phil!"

Ten minutes later Dulcie opened the door of her father's study.

"Professor Renwick has come to see you, father," she said. "And—we're engaged!"—Answers.

Marines as Chauffeurs.

As an addition to the trades and occupations taught to men in the Royal Marines that of motor car driver has been added. Sixty times expired men have been so trained and found situations, in which they are giving complete satisfaction. Well-trained and reliable drivers applied to finish their naval and military service can be obtained on application to Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth. Apart from the Royal Engineers, the Royal Marines is the only regiment in which systematic efforts appear to be made to enable men to become acquainted with a trade while serving the King.—London Mail.

Indebtedness of New York.

The gross indebtedness of New York is greater than that of the Chinese Empire. The cost of operating the city's government for one year almost equals the annual expenditures of both London and Paris combined. New York pays out in salaries alone the vast sum of \$5,000,000 yearly, or as much as London spends for its entire administration. At the present time there are 45,000 men and women on New York's payroll. Of every \$100 that a New Yorker pays in rent it is estimated that \$12.25 goes into the pockets of municipal "servants."

A BIT OF DISCIPLINE.

"I tell you I am tired of this!"

"Tired of what, Kathy?"

"Don't call me Kathy! It sounds like a name from some silly novel!"

Katherine Heath's slender figure trembled and her small hands were nervously locked together as she struggled with tears that threatened to overflow her brown eyes.

"I am tired of my married life! Tired of being your slave! Tired of you!"

The words came like a torrent, tumbling over each other in mad haste to be spoken. Her husband, Robert Heath, stood leaning against the mantel looking at her a moment, then, as gently as he would have spoken to a fretful child, said:

"Your father's and stay for awhile!"

"I want to go and stay always, where I will never see your face, hear your voice or feel the touch of your hand again."

He moved a little and a dainty bit of Venetian glass went with a crash to the hearth.

"There! You are always breaking things something!"

He swept the fragments toward the grate, with his foot.

"Would you like a divorce with the privilege of marrying again?"

"A divorce, yes; marry again? Never! You forget the old adage of the burnt child. But I do not know upon what grounds to apply, you have never—"

"Never given you any grounds," he finished for her. "Perhaps I can help you a little; incompatibility of temper is the usual plea when no other can be found."

"It isn't so much incompatibility of temper as temperament. We have not a single thought, feeling or taste in harmony. Do sit down! You are so big and solemn it makes me nervous to see you standing there, glaring at me!" He walked slowly behind her chair, and she exclaimed:

"There! Against my chair! I have told you dozens of times I would as soon you struck me as my chair." As he seated himself by a table he knocked down a lacquer tray which fell to the floor with a clatter. His wife jumped nervously. "You are worse than the proverbial bull in a china shop. Can you not move without tipping over, or breaking something?"

"I have not the least trouble in my office," he smiled whimsically; then gravely, "When would you like to go?"

"Now, as soon as possible."

"It is too late for you to go to-night. To-morrow I shall go away upon business that will detain me a number of days, you can take your time to pack and move. You may, of course, take anything you please from the house—books, silver, china, bric-a-brac. Looking around the crowded room, then he took out his purse. "I will give you all the money that I have with me; I will not let you have any more, then you will have the chance to apply for a divorce on the ground of non-support. I will, at the same time, file a cross-suit on the ground of desertion."

"You! Why do you want a divorce?"

"For the same reason that you do," he replied calmly.

"Do you expect to marry again?"

"I cannot tell."

"Perhaps you already have some one in view," she cried joyously; then, as he did not answer, "Is it Beth Prentiss?" She said not long ago that you were her ideal of a model husband.

"Did she?" He looked pleased. "I have always thought her a lovely girl, but I must seem old to her."

"Of course," retorted his wife. "And what loveliness can you see about her? Red hair, turn up nose, bah! I admire your taste!"

"I was thinking of her disposition. I like her to leave the room. I will try

Boston & Maine R. R.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

In Effect June 25, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.20, 5.36, 6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 10.25, 11.05 a. m., 1.48, 1.58, 2.21, 3.00, 5.00, 6.35, 7.28 p. m., Sunday, 3.20, 5.16, 6.35, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.25, *5.22, 8.50, 11.35 p. m., Sunday *8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m., Sunday *8.30 a. m.

For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m., Sunday *8.30 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55, 11.11 a. m., 3.07 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, *1.35, *9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., *2.48, 3.07, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—7.35, *9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., *2.48, 3.07, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.48, 5.22, 8.52 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.30, 7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, *2.21, 5.00, 6.35 p. m., Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00, 6.35 p. m., Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.30, 8.50, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 1.40, 3.15, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m., Sunday, 4.00, 8.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.20, 3.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.25, 6.00, *8.00 p. m., Sunday 1.20, 3.50 a. m., 12.45, *5.00, *5.45, *8.00 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, 1.52, *2.52, *6.21, *8.17 p. m., Sunday *5.18, *6.06, *8.17 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38, 10.43 a. m., 3.21 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.22, 9.47 a. m., 12.58, 5.31 p. m., Sunday, 7.00 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.25, 7.34, *8.15, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 1.11, 5.48 p. m., Sunday, *12.30, 4.12 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.55, 8.30, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m., Sunday 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.50, 6.16, 7.24 p. m., Sunday 6.14, 10.06 a. m., 12.03, 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.55 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m., Sun days 6.21, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division || North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Dana E. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R. R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.45 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.53, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 4.18, 5.54 p. m.

Dana E. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

Portsmouth Electric Railway

In Effect Sunday, June 24, 1906

Main Line

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for Lang's Corner (Wallis Sands and North Rye Beach), Cable Road (Jennett Beach), Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and Hampton Beach, connecting for Salisbury Beach, Amesbury, Newburyport, Haverhill and points south and west at 7.05 a. m., 8.05, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35 a. m., and half hourly until 9.05 p. m., Saturdays only 9.35 p. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays only *10.05 p. m., and *11.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *9.35 a. m. For North Hampton at 6.35 a. m. For Rye Beach P. O. only at *6.45 a. m. For Little Boars Head only at *10.05 p. m. Sundays only, 7.35 a. m. For Little Boars Head and North Hampton, The 6.35 a. m., 7.05, 9.05, 9.35, 11.35 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 2.35, 4.05, 6.35, 9.05 p. m. cars make close connections for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m. Saturdays only 10.35 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays only 11.05 p. m., Thursdays and Sundays only at 12.05 a. m.

Leave Hampton Beach 20 minutes earlier than above times.

Leave Cable Road *6.10 a. m.

Leave Rye Beach P. O. 7.25 a. m.

Leave Little Boars Head 10.55 p. m., except Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) at *6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., 10.35, 11.05. Cars leaving Market Square hourly from 6.35 a. m. to 10.35 p. m. connect for Exeter. Via Middle Street only, 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Market Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) at *6.35 a. m., 7.05, 7.35 a. m., and half hourly until 10.05 p. m., 10.35, 11.05 p. m.

Cars via Islington street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station, corner Deer and Vaughan streets, 16 minutes later than Market Square.

Cars via Market street arrive at and leave B. & M. Station, corner Deer and Vaughan streets, 4 minutes later than Market Square.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

*Makes no connection beyond Hampton.

*Omitted holidays.

Runs to North Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Omitted Sundays.

City Office No. 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone call—233.

D. J. FLANDERS,

Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS,

Superintendent.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry TIME TABLE.

October 1 Until March 31.

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15, 11.45 a. m., 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.01, 5.50, *7.45 p. m., Sundays, 10.00, 10.16 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m., Holidays, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 6.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m., Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m., Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. P. REES,

Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: W. W. MEAD,

Captain, U. S. N., Commandant.

TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover and York St. Ry.

In effect Thursday, June 28, 1906

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connects with cars:

For Eliot and Dover—6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.25 a. m., and half hourly until 7.55 p. m., then 8.55, 9.55 and *10.55 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

*For Kenner's Corner only.

For South Berwick and York Beach via Rosemary—6.55, 7.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m., Sundays—First trip 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half-hourly until 10.55 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half-hourly until 7.25 p. m., then 8.25 and 9.25 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—6.05, 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 9.30 a. m., continuing to leave five minutes and thirty minutes past the hour until 8.05 p. m., then 9.05 and 10.05 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Note—Cars between Dover and Portsmouth, leaving on the half hour, run through without change. Cars leaving Dover five minutes past the hour and Bagley's Island on the hour make connections by changing cars at Rosemary Junction.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot, Portsmouth, Kittery, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Note—Passengers for York change cars at South Berwick Junction. Passengers for Eliot, Portsmouth and Kittery change cars at South Berwick Junction and Rosemary Junction.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover, South Berwick (also Portsmouth and Eliot via Rosemary)—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 9.30 p. m., 10.30 p. m., to South Berwick car barn only. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Kittery, Point and Kittery, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 7.01 a. m., and half hourly until 9.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m., to Kittery Point only. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point, Kittery:

For Portsmouth—6.00, 6.30 a. m., and half-hourly until 10.30 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Junction, Eliot:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 9.55 a. m., continuing to leave thirty minutes and fifty-five minutes past the hour until 8.30 p. m., then 9.30 and 10.30 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—583 Portsmouth.

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Cemetery lots for sale, also Loan and Turf. Orders for lot reservations, corner of John and Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, at Market St. 5th corner, please.

M. J. CRIPPIN

The AWAKENING.

By T. A. Roberts.

The night Barton discovered his wife singing a small part in a musical comedy at the Alcazar was buried beneath three years of intentional forgetfulness. It was not mentioned in the home and had never been a subject for gossip by outsiders; at times Barton almost believed it a hideous nightmare a fantasy of disordered sleep, and not an actual thing.

Therefore the lately growing restlessness of his wife carried to him no premonition that the discontent was still smoldering, that the sleeping dogs were drowsily half awake instead of wrapped in deepest slumber. There had been no scene in the first instance. The man's hatred for anything approaching the unconventional stifled the shock of first revelation, and when he called for her at the stage door after the performance it was with a calm assurance that utterly disarmed any lurking suspicion that it was an act in a domestic tragedy.

Six years ago, when he had married pretty, temperamental Edith Grant after a summer vacation's courtship, people who knew them both approved heartily. He was ten years older, serious, ambitious and willing to be a plodder, a slave to the grindstone in the best years of his manhood, to acquire a competence for the luxury of his later life. The girl, they said, needed just this sober, restraining influence. She revealed in the riot of youth, life was a succession of red color schemes, there was time enough in the years to come for the comfortable wear of browns and the somber, ashy grays.

Elemental instincts of reflex, red blood were but thinly veiled by the repression of conventionalism; she had married primarily because she respected the man rather than as a surrender to a great, big love that had compelled and quickened her, but infinitely, indubitably, vaguely, conscious that the new life would give her greater freedom and a larger world than the restricted life of a little country mountain town afforded. In a sense it had, for immediately after the wedding trip they were established in a city home, comfortably modern, though not in the zone of extreme fashion.

Acquaintance she made did not open into friendship, because she had nothing in common with her husband's friends. Their wives were too old and their children too young to appeal to her, and her gracious apparent appreciation of hospitality received, and dissembled delight in returning courtesies—came from breeding alone, not from sincere pleasure.

Barton was frequently called to remotely distant mining camps to pass judgment on properties for the magnates who employed him, and as no child came to claim her interest and awaken her love, time dragged with the young wife. In a moment of desperate rebellion she succumbed at the Shakespeare club and berated Browning and his adorners, roughly putting between her husband's friends and herself a convenient barrier.

At this period of her life many theories of philosophy could not fill her need; she cried out for excitement, craved moving, active men and women for companions, and talked at amusements of the purely intellectual.

"I can't stand it! I can't! I can't!" she had almost screamed out to herself. It was her moment of temptation, her mood of abandonment. Anything would have appealed to her then if the tempter had promised as the reward a new diversion for a plaything. Barton realized dimly, but the problem was beyond him. He saw nothing of what lay behind the evident unrest, thought it too much idleness, and in a flattering fancy once believed it was grief at his frequent absences.

He divined nothing unusual in her suggestion that she take up stinging lessons—in fact, approved of it—and then blundered along with his mind clouded in drifts, and levels, and assays. The night he found her behind a scant concealing mask of grease paint and powder something of the real crisis flooded in upon him.

"Do what you will," she had cried defiantly. "I've disgraced you and your respectable middle-aged friends. Put me out of your house, out of your heart, out of your life," she raged.

"Oh, I'll get this minute! Can't you see I want life? I'm tired of gowns and food and eternal dullness. I want to live!" She spoke fiercely, unreasonably, as the elemental emotions surged to the top.

"My dear," and her tone was provoking mocking, "my dear, I have nothing. Do you hear? Nothing! I'm not an old woman, but you're trying to make me one. Oh, you'd like me gray haired and mouse quiet. Where's my girlhood? Help me find that and maybe -- Don't you see, I'm young, and I want what life holds for youth. We've made a mistake, awful, stupendous—but you'll forget misdeeds, and perhaps, perhaps somewhere I'll find a tiny mite of my girlhood."

Her rebellious rage gave way to tears, and a lover's tenderness, the

careless with the blessed balm of understanding, might have conquered. But Barton didn't understand. He only knew that he had been hurt and that the quivering, sobbing girl before him had in her heart a grievance.

"They talked long that night. She told how the stinging instructor praised her voice and obtained an engagement for her. She had attended rehearsals afterwards, and provisionally for her he had been called away just before the production's first night. She had feared telling him, though fully determined to remain with the theatrical company. He had returned unexpectedly, found her absent from home, and learned the truth from a frightened servant in the confidence of her mistress.

Barton showed diplomacy that night in eliminating any chiding note. He talked tenderly, quietly, pointing out that she was giving up home and husband and friends for a will of the wisp; he urged that real abiding happiness did not lie in the calcium glare; then he told calmly and dispassionately of his love for her, and somehow, some way, robbed the girl's spirit of its defiance, substituted therefore what he thought was surrender, and believed he had regained his own. This was three years in the past.

Now the spark had spluttered again, the fire flamed more fiercely than ever. The old routine had been resumed, work claimed his waking hours, and he neglected the warning signs he should have heeded. The night was bitterly cold, the winter was at its worst and it was evidently an evening for married lovers to spend at their own fireside, recalling, perhaps, earlier days of happiness, when the joys realized were in the planning. But Barton's idea of an evening's comfort was perusing a report of a new method of extracting copper ore. Mrs. Barton was apparently reading a novel, but in reality fighting down the rebellion in her soul. Barton's attention was distracted by a sob, he looked up, caught the old wild looks in her eyes, but did not comprehend even when she threw down the book, rose, and cried hysterically:

"It's no use!"

"What's no use, dear? Aren't you well?" Inquired Barton from the depths of his comfortable chair.

"Well? Well, I need no pills, I need no pulse-feeling, tongue-inspecting anatomy. I'm soul sick, John; you don't understand. You can't! I'm stifling, I'm choking, for life's out of doors." She went to a window, lifted it to let in blasts of chill air and swirling snow crystals.

"Edith, dear, you'll catch cold. I wouldn't do that," he protested, anxiously.

"Cold? What do I care? Some where out there are men and women who are laughing and happy. They're playing wild gypsy things, blood is running in their veins—red, red blood—they're dancing to the queer, compelling strains. They're alive! Don't you understand, John? They're alive!"

"Lord, Edith, is it the old fever, the old discontent come back?" he asked.

"Come back? It has never been away. Oh, I've fought it, I've denied it because of what I promised you, but it's there yet. And now I'll deny it no more. I'll surrender to it. Now! To-night!"

"You mean—"

"That I'm done with this convent of a house. That I'm going to do what you stopped me from doing three years ago. That I belong to the world, and I'm going into it. Oh, you needn't look so ghastly. I'm not going to the devil. I'll live, but I'll not be to God. I'll keep clean, your good name will not suffer, your honor will be unstained for aught I do."

"Edith!" Barton was seriously comprehending now. "Edith, I can't tell you the hurt of it. I've lacked understanding up to now. Years were not the only difference in the beginning. I've glimpsed your temperament for the first time to-night, as I should have seen it years ago. But I can't let you go; for your own sake reconsider this mad, wild whim, and—"

"No," and she spoke quietly. "The six years you have had out of my life have been crowded with unhappiness and regret. You've been kind in your way, but, as you said, you didn't understand. You don't now, John, you never will. I'm not ungrateful for the shelter of my name, and I've deserved it in every action. I'm sorry for the hurt you confess, I'm sorry, but what you feel is only a part of what has been my daily portion. To-morrow we'll discuss it all calmly, John, and I'll go out of your existence. What's that?"

It was a sudden peal of the bell. Barton glanced at the clock; it was after 10, and he could conceive of no visitor at this hour but a messenger with a telegram. Well, anything would be a diversion at the moment, to let him think of some way out of this confused situation, to plan something that would prevent the loss that threatened him. They listened to the shippered maid as she went down the hall, heard her quick exclamation of surprise and her hurried call:

"Shure, Missus Barton, and will ye come here?"

Edith ran into the hall, and a moment later the two entered the living room. The maid carried a basket from the depths of which came a waiting cry, a sound foreign to Barton's ears, but which he vaguely recognized or surmised was a baby's mewling.

"Of all things, John, a baby! And on this night! Here's a note from

the mother, and it says: "Please, please, care for my baby. You're a good nurse. Save him from poverty or death, for that is all I can give him." What's it crying for, Mary? Oh, dear, I don't know the first thing about babies. What's the matter? Is it sick?"

"No, ma'am, it's hungry, the little creature is, O'm thinkin'," replied the maid, out of the wisdom gained by one of an Irish-American family of ten, "all of them alive and well, thank ye, ma'am."

Barton watched the ensuing scene curiously. The womanfolk missed and missed over the child; Mary barely stopped Mrs. Barton from giving the baby too-old milk, explaining that it must be warmed; there was a hurried search for the baby's clothes that could be adapted to the new-comer's needs, for once the maid was mistress, and the mistress obeyed like a soldier.

The warm milk transformed the howling infant to a gurgling cherub, who kicked and thrashed as far as his swaddling clothes would permit, while the women delightedly murmured the silly nothings babies are supposed to understand.

At midnight the mistress and the maid were still coddling the wail, a temporary cradle place had been fixed in the big Morris chair, but the little rascal had no desire for sleep, and while he was awake his outcries stuck to their posts.

"You go on to bed, John, we've got to wait until the baby goes to sleep," commanded Mrs. Barton, and John went.

The atmosphere seemed cleared of antagonism, her voice rang happy and contented in her new-found peace. But he felt it was only for the night. As a taxpayer and a member of half a dozen reform organizations he knew the city maintained institutions where foundlings were cared for. He knew it would be his duty to notify the nearest police captain in the morning. The abandonment of the child was a crime against the statutes and called for punishment of the offender.

His duty was obvious, and as soon as this fact was fixed in his mental note of to-morrow's duties he resolved to the unhappy climax which would confront him the next day. He lay awake for hours trying to devise some remedy, but none came. He wondered where Edith was that she did not retire, and when in the gray of early morning he fell asleep it was to slumber on until almost noon, a most unheard-of thing for this man of methods.

"Wake up, John, it's nearly noon. Come and see the baby, and we'll have breakfast after," he heard his wife call, and while the voice was familiar there was a note in it that was absolutely new.

The baby was well; it was cooing in its contentment, and Barton had to admit his wife's contention that it was "the dearest baby in the world." His opinion on this subject was not large, so it did not count as that of an expert. He knew more about mines. At the breakfast table he thought of his duty.

"I've the baby wrapped up well, Edith, and I'll take it to the police station—" But he got no further.

"You'll what?" gasped his wife in evident amazement.

"You know it cannot be kept here. There are foundling asylums for the city's waifs, and besides if you leave it today—" But the thought of it hurt him, and he did not finish.

"If I leave to-day? John? Barton, I'm not going to leave to-day, or any other day, and that cuts cunning little baby is not going to the police station. So there."

